

i would shiver the whole night through by Anonymous

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016), The Lost Boys (Movies)

Genre: Homophobic Language, Implied Sexual Content, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Marijuana, Mother-Son Relationship, Not Canon Compliant, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Underage Drinking, Unhealthy Coping Mechanisms, Unhealthy Relationships, Vampires, also jonathan/steve/nancy is implied, but at least five chapters? probably, clearly, its in 1985 so no michael obviously, putting it at teen for now, the jonathan/steve is very brief, this probably wont be too long, title from "where did you sleep last night?" specifically the nirvana cover, vaguely, woooo weed

Language: English

Characters: (but not really. hes mentioned a lot tho), David (Lost Boys), Dwayne (Lost Boys), Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Laddie Thompson, Marko (Lost Boys), Nancy Wheeler, Paul (Lost Boys), Star (Lost Boys), Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: (background), David (Lost Boys)/Jonathan Byers, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington, Marko/Paul (Lost Boys), Star (Lost Boys)/Original Female Character

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Summary:

Not much scares Jonathan anymore. Not after having a missing-and-presumed-dead brother, juggling two jobs along with high school, getting the shit beat out of him more times than he can count, discovering his sexuality in a small Indiana town, and having to move 35 hours across the country and leaving everything behind.

So, the rumors of vampires don't scare him.

Mostly.

1. Prologue

Will was never found.

The remaining Byers family waited two and a half years, and the day after Jonathan's 18th birthday, Joyce and Jonathan started packing up their belongings. The Wheeler family helped them pack up and set up a yard sale. Jonathan sat on the back porch by Nancy Wheeler and, though he'd never admit to being happy about it despite their growing friendship, Steve Harrington. Nancy rubbed gentle circles onto his back, and Jonathan stared forward, swallowing the growing lump in his throat.

"I'm gonna miss you, Jonathan," Nancy said, and Jonathan choked back a sob. Another hand joined Nancy's on his back, and Jonathan looked up at Steve.

"Yeah," the corners of Steve's mouth turned up, "Who's gonna rant at me for an hour about David Bowie?"

Jonathan laughed weakly, and Steve moved his hand from Jonathan's back, taking his hand and giving it a brief squeeze. His cheeks flushed, and he looked around nervously. But, of course, it was just them and Nancy. Everyone else was in the front yard.

"Hopefully it'll—it'll only be a year. Just, just to get out of here for a little while," Jonathan sighed, leaning into Nancy. Steve scooted closer, sandwiching Jonathan into a loose hug. "You two know I'd stay if I could, but..."

"I know." Nancy said, pressing a light kiss to Jonathan's shoulder. Steve stood, offering a hand to Jonathan, who took it. Nancy followed, brushing dirt off her jeans.

"Let's talk inside, it's gettin' cold out," Steve was already on the move, holding the door open for the other two. The group made their way upstairs to Jonathan's mostly empty room. The walls were bare, all of his posters either packed up or sold already. Save for a few shirts and pairs of jeans, his closet was empty. The sheets were stripped off of the bed, and the bedside table only housed a radio and

Jonathan's camera.

The group sat down on Jonathan's bed, and Jonathan reached forward to turn on the radio, fiddling with the dial until he reached the rock station. Robert Smith's vocals filled the room, and Jonathan smiled slightly. Steve and Nancy both gave him a nudge, and he let himself be nudged into laying down. His head rested in Nancy's lap, his legs dangling over Steve's. Nancy slowly began stroking his hair.

"So, where are you even moving to?"

"Oh, uh," Jonathan squeezed his eyes shut, thinking, "Santa Carla, in... California. Definitely a big change from Hawkins, Indiana."

"Ooo," Steve grinned, "You know what Dustin says about Santa Carla?"

"Steve," Nancy warned, but Jonathan could hear the teasing tone in her voice.

"People say Santa Carla is filled with vampires!" Steve punctuated this with a pinch to Jonathan's thigh. Jonathan yelped, face flushed as he jolted.

"Steve!" Nancy repeated with a laugh, holding Jonathan tightly enough to keep him from rolling off the bed.

"Scared the shit out of me," Jonathan grumbled, but he couldn't hide the smile on his face. Steve laughed in return, resting his hand on Jonathan's thigh. Jonathan would never admit it, but the warm hand on his thigh scared him more than the threat of vampires.

"Call us once you get settled, okay?" Nancy said, resuming her stroking of his hair, "We'll try and drive out to visit." Jonathan nodded.

Nancy kissed his forehead. Steve's hand hadn't yet left his thigh, and if Nancy noticed, she didn't say anything.

"Naaaaaaa-ncy!" A voice yelled from downstairs, and Nancy sighed, shifting Jonathan off into a sitting position.

“One minute!” Nancy yelled in response, shaking her head. “Need a ride, Steve?”

“Nah, I drove here.”

It wasn't said, but *I wanna stay with Jonathan a bit longer*, hung in the air.

“We'll see you off tomorrow, Jonathan.” Nancy waved with a smile, and Jonathan waved back. Jonathan listened to her footsteps down the stairs, the creaking of the door, and the clang as it shut.

With Nancy gone, Jonathan was suddenly very aware that Steve's hand was still on his thigh, moving slowly back and forth.

They sat in silence for a moment as the song rang to an end. “Hey, hey, hey, it's DJ Rock-bottom, comin' at-” Jonathan reached forward and turned the volume dial until the DJ's voice was barely audible. Steve laughed, hand never leaving his thigh.

“I guess if Nancy's leaving then the yard sale is slowing down,” Jonathan mumbled, glancing down. It was still awkward, at least to him, being alone with Steve.

“Yeah,” Steve agreed, “Probably. Look, man, sorry about the, vampire thing-”

Jonathan couldn't help but laugh. “You think that's what scared me, dumbass?” Steve laughed in return. “I feel like if vampires were real then, like, the government would tell us about it.”

“You trust the government?” Steve raised an eyebrow.

“Fuck no!” Jonathan laughed again, and for a moment, he forgot the situation. Except, of course, for the warm hand on his thigh.

Their laughter died down, and Jonathan sighed. “I...” Jonathan started, before trailing off and staring into space. “Can't believe I might miss you.”

Steve laughed again, this time much sadder. “I might miss you too.”

Jonathan propped himself up on his elbows, staring up at Steve, his usual cocky smile having fallen into a sigh.

“Y’know, there’s probably a big gay scene in Santa Carla–”

Jonathan would’ve smacked him if not for the roar of laughter bubbling out of his chest.

“Well, it’s California, isn’t it?” Steve’s grin returned, and his hand lifted off of Jonathan’s thigh long enough for him to sit up and move back, resting against the headboard. But he wouldn’t get off that easily, as Steve moved to sit next to him.

With a sigh, Jonathan nodded. “I... guess, but, like, I wouldn’t know what to– or how to–”

“s only goofin’,” Steve clarified, likely in an attempt to try and calm Jonathan back down.

“Only goofin’,” he repeated, turning his head to face Steve. He didn’t even notice he was crying until he felt Steve wipe a tear off his cheek. “I don’t want to leave, what if– what if Will comes back, and–” arms wrap around him, and Jonathan rests his head on Steve’s shoulder, trying to stop the sobs.

“If Will comes back, me or Nance will call you, or Hopper will call your mom,” Steve ran his hand through Jonathan’s hair, his other hand resting on his back. Jonathan nodded, blinking back tears. A light kiss was pressed to the side of his head.

They sat like that for a few more minutes, and, slowly, Jonathan removed himself from Steve’s grip, fumbling to his feet.

“It’s getting late, I’ll see you in the morning,” Jonathan mumbled. Steve stood, staring for a moment at him. Jonathan wished he were more confident. Or, at the very least, less scared. He wanted to kiss him– they’d kissed before. Not often, but they had. Once or twice, after one too many shared joints or beer bottles. But nothing happened. They just stood and stared, tension wavering in the air.

“I’ll try and visit,” Steve said, eyes lingering on Jonathan’s lips. Jonathan nodded. “You’ll write? And call?” Jonathan nodded again.

They just... stood there for a moment. Staring at each other. They'd barely been friends for a year, and now—

Now Jonathan was moving to California. *Fucking* California. And he was leaving everything behind, even if there wasn't much for him to leave. Castle Byers in the backyard was already taken down. Jonathan was already unenrolled from Hawkins High. And, tonight, he said goodbye to Steve and Nancy, the first, and only, two people he had ever kissed.

Steve left the room without a word, and Jonathan didn't have the energy to follow him.

Jonathan sat back on the bed, drawing his knees to his chest after turning the volume back up on the radio. Stevie Nicks' crooning voice started to fill the room, her magical words drawing his mind away from his countless fears. As she sang, Jonathan laid back, stretching out his legs and tugging the remaining blanket over himself. *Well, is it over now? Do you know how?* she sung, and he closed his eyes, letting her voice drag him to sleep, *pick up the pieces and go home.*

His dreams were more like nightmares, really. The same nightmare he'd had for two years. Will, dying, bleeding out, and crying for help, and Jonathan was helpless to do anything but sob, unable to help. Lonnie was there this time, insults and screams joining Will's cries. He jolted awake, filled with the fear that, maybe, Will could come back and no one would be there for him to go home to.

In the morning, his movements were stiff and unhappy. Boxes were piled into the trunk and backseat of the car, and the last of his personal effects—his radio, his camera, his scrapbook, a torn-up shirt from a concert he snuck into, and a small stuffed bear—sat with him in the front seat.

Joyce said something, but Jonathan didn't register it. All he did was nod. He, Nancy, and Steve shared a half-hearted hug. And then, Jonathan sat in the front seat and waved goodbye. Hawkins faded behind him.

2. in the pines, in the pines, where the sun dont ever shine

Summary for the Chapter:

i am chronically fatigued bc of chronic illness so pls dont expect a solid updating schedule :(

It took almost two weeks for Joyce to let Jonathan leave the house. The house was small and cramped, just like their old one, but it felt even more suffocating than the entirety of Hawkins. Of course, Jonathan understood why his mother was worried, if anything happened to him she would have no way of knowing, but, eventually, they reached a compromise. He could go out—if he called her from the nearest phone booth at least every two hours.

Jonathan sighed as he stepped onto the boardwalk, fiddling with the camera in his hands. It wasn't as good as his old one, but it was a camera nonetheless. He snapped a quick test photo and hummed in appreciation.

He quickly realized that he had no idea where he was going, and the crowd packed around him didn't help much. There were probably more people on this boardwalk than there were in Hawkins as a whole, he thought to himself, eyes lingering on anyone who spared him a glance.

Maybe I should go back home, the voice in his head said, but he shook it away, determined to do at least something to keep his mind occupied. The noise of a fight drew his attention, and he made his way through the crowd to try and find the source, past surfer dudes and goth chicks, and just about anyone in between. The noises just kept getting louder, but Jonathan was stopped in his tracks by a large man with a mustache that seemed straight out of a cartoon.

"Young man," the man said, staring down at him, and Jonathan winced out of instinct, "do I know you?"

That's not what he was expecting.

"I don't think so," Jonathan mumbled quickly, attempting to duck around the man, but a hand held to his arm. He gripped tightly onto his camera, trying to quell his labored breathing.

The man looked him over, and Jonathan felt a wave of terror course throughout his body. Then, the man's face softened. "You're the Byers boy, aren't you?"

Nodding, Jonathan once more tried to duck away.

"Your mother called the station a few weeks ago. We're all really sorry about—"

"Will, yeah, yeah it, it's been a while," Jonathan nodded again, hoping his short tone would get him to let go. It didn't, *god*, why wouldn't this guy take a hint?

"If you or your mom ever need help, ask for Officer Lawerence at the station," the man—Officer Lawerence—said, and finally let go of his arm, patting him on the shoulder and finally letting Jonathan duck past him and disappear back into the crowd.

The fight must've broken up. Son of a bitch.

Jonathan raises his camera, focusing on a merry-go-round in his line of sight. *Click*. It's his first real photo of Santa Carla, and it's of a merry-go-round.

Will would've loved it here. Jonathan smiled softly, continuing to push his way through the crowd and hopefully to somewhere he could get a good photograph.

There's a drunk surfer boy with blonde hair, and—

Pierced nipples?

California is weird.

The surfer boy stared back at him with a goofy smile, and Jonathan found himself drifting towards him. Soon enough, he stood awkwardly near the stranger, knuckles white from his grip on his camera. "You're new here," he said, and it's a statement, clearly not a

question.

“I, uh...” Jonathan cleared his throat, “How did you know?”

With a laugh, the boy knocked back a beer, “You stick out like a very awkward sore thumb.” The boy looked him over, gaze shooting through him like lightning. He hoped the chill breeze explained the blush on his face. The surfer boy met his eyes. “You met David and his gang yet?”

“Who?”

The boy laughed and patted the spot next to him. Jonathan reluctantly sat, fidgeting with his camera.

“This group of assholes who strut around like they own the boardwalk. You want a beer?”

Jonathan hesitated, but the boy took that as a yes and practically forced the can into his hands. He took a slow drink.

“David dresses like a goth ear of corn,” the description made Jonathan laugh, and the boy grinned wide, “He’s this platinum blond dickhead, like, I swear, you can see the moon reflecting off of his head.”

The boy and Jonathan both laughed, and Jonathan took another drink of his beer, loosening his grip on his camera. “You said gang, who else?”

“Shit,” the boy thought for a minute, before shaking his head, “I don’t remember their names. All a bunch of fags, though.”

Laced with venom, the word shocked Jonathan out of his laughter, and he coughed, choking on his beer.

“Shit, dude, you ok?” the boy asked, but the question just swam in Jonathan’s head. He stood, ignoring the calls of the boy with who he had formed, and ended, a friendship in about five minutes. Once more, he began to push his way through the crowd of the Santa Carla Boardwalk.

After a while, he found an empty bench and sat down, grumbling to himself as he snapped a half-hearted picture of whatever ride was in his line of sight. He shook his head and snapped another picture, this time of a pop-up shop to his left. None of them were coming out right. Of course, he knew why. His hands were shaking. He'd probably never see that surfer boy again, but—

A voice startled him and he instinctively swung around with his hand clenched into a fist. Another hand stopped him.

“Woah, Woah, I just asked what had you all riled up,” the person next to him asked. Jonathan let his shoulders drop, and the person let his fist go. He dropped his hands into his lap.

“Does it matter?” His voice was blunt, and he kept his eyes down. Despite that, he was still very aware of the fact that he was shaking, visibly. “I don’t know you.” The *fuck off* went unsaid.

The person laughed, and Jonathan dared to glance up. At first glance, the person was painfully average. At second glance too. At the third glance though, Jonathan’s photographer’s eye managed to capture some beauty.

Spiky platinum blond hair, sharp cheekbones, blue-green eyes, and a beautiful, beautiful throat.

The other man waved his hand—Jonathan noted that he was wearing leather riding gloves—in front of Jonathan’s face, and Jonathan blinked.

“I said,” the man started, “My name is David.”

David.

The David that the surfer boy had mentioned? Platinum blond, long black trench coat... yes, probably.

“What?” David’s tone was teasing, but Jonathan couldn’t tell if it was good-natured or not, “I asked you what your name is.”

Did he? Jonathan didn’t remember that, but...

“Uh, I—” Jonathan’s voice caught in his throat, and the man laughed. Out of habit, Jonathan clammed up, shoulders tightening and hands gripping onto his camera.

“You...?” David drawled, and Jonathan was unable to get rid of the feeling that he was being mocked, “You even got a name?”

He felt like he was being toyed with, and he hated it. “Jonathan. My name is Jonathan,” he finally forced out, “Is that good enough for you?” The only way he was able to describe the last sentence was that it felt as if it had fallen out of his mouth.

David laughed, brushing past the pointed comment. “Jonathan,” he repeated as if he was thinking it over, “mhm, you seem like a Jonathan.”

Jonathan shifted, crossing one leg over the other and looking away, hoping that David would catch the hint and leave him alone.

He didn’t.

The flick of a lighter caught Jonathan’s attention, and he turned his head slightly to the side.

“You smoke?” David asked, cigarette between his lips. Jonathan scrunched his face.

“Not cigarettes,” he grumbled, turning his head again, “Fuckin’ hate tobacco.”

David laughed, and Jonathan felt a hand pat his thigh. Instinctively, he cringed away. “Good, I do too.” Jonathan looked back. David had nothing between his lips now, although Jonathan could’ve sworn there was a cigarette there just a moment ago. David placed a joint in his hand. Jonathan blinked once, hesitant.

“How do I know you didn’t lace it with something?” Jonathan asked, scrunching his face.

Once again, David laughed. “You don’t,” David flicked his lighter, the heat of the flame against the tip of the joint barely singing the very tips of Jonathan’s fingers. His instincts told him to move away, but he

remained in place until the lighter flicked shut once more. “That’s the fun part.”

Cautious, Jonathan lifted the joint, resting it on his lips and drawing in the smoke. He inhaled through his nose, let his eyes flutter shut, and held the smoke for one, two, three seconds, then breathed it back out with a small smile. He took another hit, barely even registering David’s hand on his knee until he opened his eyes.

“You gonna have any?” Jonathan asked, cheeks flushed (he was unsure if it was because of the joint, the wind, or the hand on his knee).

David shook his head, gaze burning into Jonathan’s face. “No, consider it a ‘welcome to Santa Carla’ gift.”

Jonathan snorted but didn’t argue, taking another hit and breathing out the smoke as he tilted his head back, gazing up at the star-filled sky. “How do you know I’m new here?”

There was a movement to his side, and the hand left his knee as David stretched, one leg going over the other. His boots—must be leather, Jonathan noted—almost shone in the lights of the boardwalk.

“I’d know if I’d seen you here before, I know everyone,” David tilted his head, fingers brushing against the back of Jonathan’s hand. “I can introduce you to everyone.”

“Mmm,” Jonathan took another hit, shaking his head as he breathed out the smoke, “I don’t want to. Don’t like lots’a people.”

David chuckled, “I see.” A moment of silence between them. “Where y’ from, Jonathan?”

“ndiana,” Jonathan slurred out, taking another hit, “Hawkins. Relight th’ joint, please.”

The joint was plucked from his hands, and Jonathan scrunched his eyebrows.

“You got a bike, Jonathan?” David asked, standing up off of the bench and grinning down at Jonathan. Jonathan tilted his head,

grunting and standing up, brushing the ash off his jeans. "Jonathan," David snapped his fingers, and Jonathan winced. "You got a bike?"

Registering the question, Jonathan looked away, shoving his hands in his pockets. "Not a motorcycle." His hands twitched, and his brain seemed to start working again, and he looked around, almost as if he was trying to think of an escape route.

"Not a motorcycle," David repeated, nodding, "mmm, a shame."

Jonathan scoffed, hiding the cough at the end of it, "A shame? You never met poor people before?" It was snappy, but Jonathan couldn't help it— he didn't like being mocked to his face anymore. And David laughed in response. *So he is an asshole.*

"Not what I meant," David shook his head, and started walking. Confused, Jonathan followed, gripping onto his camera as he hurried to keep up with David's confident stride. "I was going to invite you to my place for a little bit."

David kept talking, but Jonathan couldn't make out any of the words, just his voice ringing in his ears. They were out in the parking lot now, and David stopped in front of a group of people. Jonathan came to a stop behind him, gazing suspiciously at the group. A woman with long, curly brown hair, dressed in a white tank and a long skirt decorated with what appeared to be runes (*Robin would like her*, Jonathan thought) next to another woman with dark springy curls that were blown out around her face like a halo, dressed in a leather jacket and a long, purple dress.

Between the women was a small boy, gripping onto the first woman's hand. He briefly reminded Jonathan of Will— the big, scared, eyes, the tight grip on a hand, the messy hair, and the sucked-in cheeks.

There were three more people. A man with jet black hair falling past his shoulders, various chain necklaces against his chest. Two blond men, one with shorter, curlier hair and a multi-colored jacket, and the other with longer hair almost resembling a mullet and a long shell necklace reaching his stomach.

Must be the "bunch of fags" that the surfer boy had mentioned earlier

in the night.

He knew that David was saying something, but he was unaware of what. It felt as if the mere sight of the group was hypnotizing. No one ever looked like this in Hawkins. All of them were youthful and beautiful, but there was a sinking feeling in Jonathan's chest that the beauty was hiding something. His fingers twitched on his camera, but his hands felt too heavy to take a picture.

"So, Jonathan," David looked at him, and he tore his gaze away from the group that had begun to move, "You want to come with?"

"What?" Jonathan glanced back at the group— the girls shared a bike, and the kid shared one with the black-haired man, "Already told you, I don't have a motorcycle."

"So? You can ride on the back of mine," David wasn't letting up, and Jonathan sighed, eyes falling to the ground.

It was frustrating, how much Jonathan longed to say yes. Yes, he wanted to say, *take me with you, please.*

Instead, what he said was a simple, "I have to go back home."

If he looked closely, he could almost see David's grin falter. He clearly wasn't used to being denied, and it almost gave Jonathan a weird sense of satisfaction. "What's your address? I can pick you up another night."

"I'm not giving you my address." It was blunt, but Jonathan didn't want to soften his voice. He might have been lonely, and his high might have been starting to kick back in, but he wasn't stupid enough to give his address to someone he had just met.

"David!" one of the blonds yelled, tapping his fingers on the handles of his motorcycle, clearly impatient, "We leaving or not?"

David didn't respond, he simply glared in the direction of the blond, before turning to look back at Jonathan. "Alright," he conceded, "Alright, then, come here again tomorrow night." Turning around on his heel, David walked over to the group, swinging himself onto his motorcycle.

Huffing out a sigh, Jonathan turned around, walking to his own bike. The engines of the motorcycles sounded through the air, and the mysterious group was gone, riding off into the night before Jonathan could even undo the lock on his bike.

The ride back home was a blur, to say the least. It wasn't as if he didn't want to go back to the boardwalk– (*bunch of fags* rang in his head) –but he couldn't quell the fear that it was a set-up. After all, Jonathan barely knew David and knew nothing about the others in the group. The ideas put into his head during the past two years refused to leave him. Maybe they were a group of murderers, or kidnappers, or–

Jonathan stopped pedaling, foot skidding against the ground. He dismounted from his bike, carrying it up the front porch steps. Shaking the sweat out of his hair, he unlocked the front door and pushed his way in. “Mom,” he called, setting his bike down, leaning it against the wall, and closing the door behind him, “I’m home!” He locked the door back, flicking the light on.

No answer. Jonathan sighed, kicking off his shoes. He moved throughout the one-story house, pausing a moment to stare at the family pictures on the wall. Joyce and Will at the lake, camping. Will holding a lizard he had found. Joyce and Hopper, hand in hand on Halloween, dressed as some obscure couple from the 1960s. Joyce and Lonnie’s wedding picture (though Lonnie had been ripped out of the picture). There were a lot of pictures, and Jonathan was largely absent from them, due, of course, to him being the one taking most of them.

Moving past the pictures and the memories, he stepped into the living room. Asleep on the couch was Joyce, head resting on the arm of the sofa, lamp on the side table still on. Jonathan sighed, tugging a quilt off the back of the couch and draping it over her, turning off the lamp before walking back to his room.

He closed the door to his room behind him and set his camera on his bedside table. Turning on the light, he glanced around the room. His posters adorned the walls in the same order they did back in Hawkins. Taped to the wall between a poster of David Bowie and one of The Runaways was a photograph of Steve and Nancy. They weren’t

doing anything particularly special– just watching a movie, but he still cherished the photo anyway. Both of them had signed it, Nancy with a “xoxo”, and Steve with a smiley face.

Jonathan didn't even notice he was crying until he felt a salty tear slip through his lips. He wiped his eyes and shook his head, unbuttoning his jeans and kicking them to the floor. He pulled his shirt over his head, tossing it in the general direction of his laundry bin. Opening one of the drawers of his dresser, he pulled out a pair of sweatpants and tugged them on, sitting down on his bed.

Flopping back on his bed with a frustrated sigh, he rubbed his forehead, socked feet brushing the ground. He couldn't stop thinking about David, and the boardwalk, and his gloved hand on his knee, and the joint between his lips, and–

Jesus, he was fucked.

Jonathan knew that he didn't have to go back to the boardwalk. He could avoid the boardwalk altogether, forget about David and his gang and his stupidly striking eyes, and be the same shut-in he was in Hawkins even before Will went missing.

But, God, he wanted to go back. And it was then that he made up his mind. He'd go back tomorrow night–keep a pocketknife with him, just in case–and maybe he'd take up the offer to go back to David's place, and maybe he'd have fun for once in his life.

Maybe.

Author's Note:

unbeta'd so let me know if theres any grammar, spelling, or formatting mistakes!!! this is only on anonymous because i have a weird shame complex. if this sucks. well. youre the one who is reading a stranger things/lost boys crossover fic so your expectations shouldnt have been that high.